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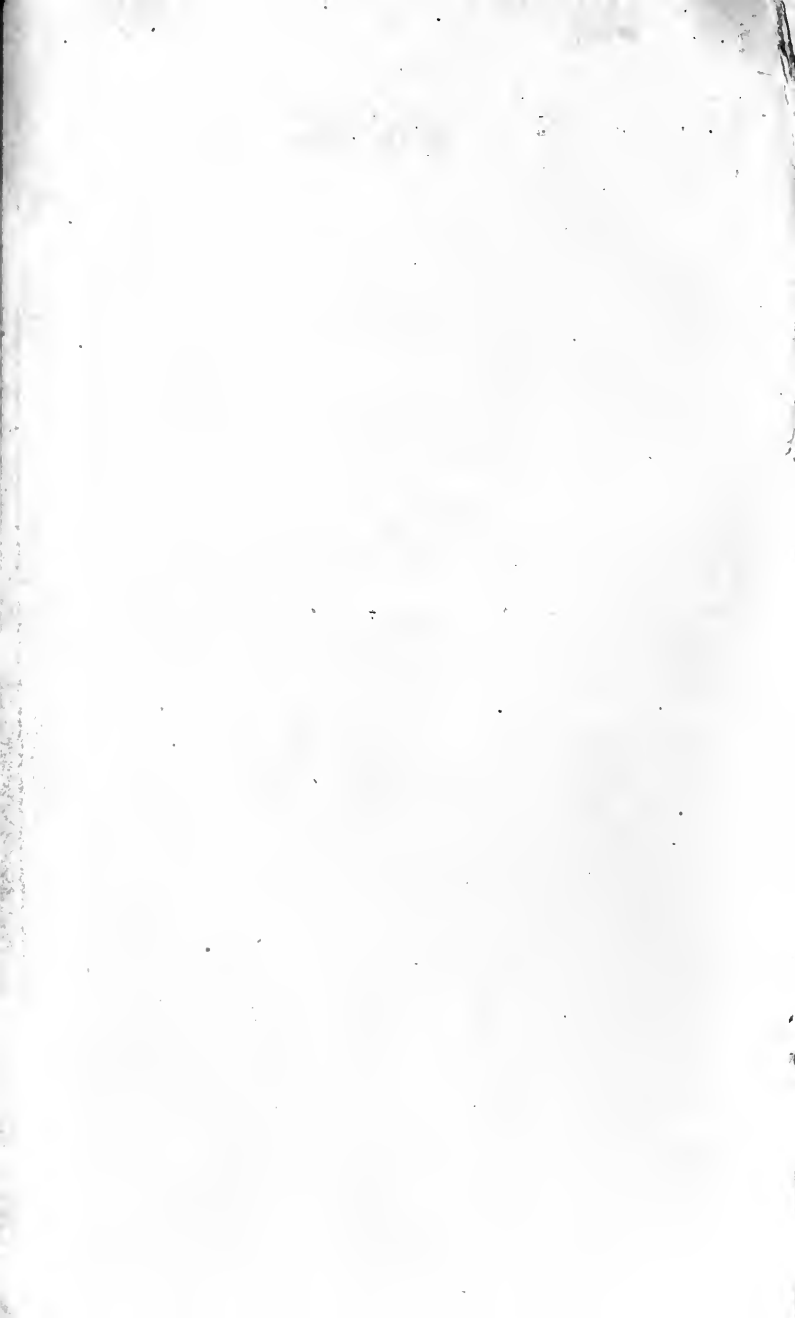
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P O E M S.



POEMS.

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

BY

JOHN BRIGGS.

~~~~~  
"Sae I've begun to scrawl, but whether  
In rhyme, or prose, or baith thegither,  
Or some hotch-potch, that's rightly neither  
Let time mak proof."

BURNS.  
~~~~~

ULVERSTON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR BY J. SOULBY,
KING-STREET.

1818.



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TO THE
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
SUBSCRIBERS
TO THIS
VOLUME.

THOUGH personal flattery, like personal satire, be uniformly viewed with disgust, by the sensible and the well informed; yet, to be ranked with the good—to be registered among the bounteous—and to be associated with the intelligent—cannot fail of producing, in the tender and virtuous mind, a train of sensations, as pleasing as they are rational. Gratifying, then, must your reflections be, ye kind encouragers of diffident ambition, when you discover your own names among the number of those, which are attached, as an embellishment, to this little volume; and consider them, as forming an accurate register of nearly all that is great, good, or respectable among our lovely, but sequestered vales.

237217

If it should prove (and the Author trusts it will prove) an accession to your stock of innocent enjoyment, to have been instrumental in rescuing from obscurity, one, whose progress up the hill of science, has been perpetually interrupted by the asperities, which indigence invariably scatters in the paths of literature;—what must he feel, who has been the immediate object of your condescending regard;—who has found himself treated with a respect, to which his birth and fortunes gave him no pretensions; and distinguished in a manner, which, he is conscious, his talents never merited?

The Author hopes he may be exempted from the charge of making invidious comparisons, if he offer a particular tribute of acknowledgment to the three learned professions—Divinity, Physic, and Law—for that disinterested encouragement, which his natural disposition so much needed; and which, with few exceptions, he constantly received. When he reflects that he has been generally misrepresented, as a dissenter in principle, it would, he conceives, be a culpable omission, were he to pass, unnoticed, those cordial welcomes, and friendly attentions, which he has received from the ministers of our venerable establishment. To him they furnish a proof, (had a proof been wanting,) that the clergy, of this part of the kingdom at least, have not listened to the generous

dictates of the church, with the ears of inattention;
or read the mild precepts of the Gospel, with the eyes
of carelessness.

Among the number of those, who have so kindly patronized his feeble attempts at poetical composition, there are, (and not a few,) whose unsolicited exertions in his favour, have imprinted their names on his memory, in characters, too indelible for any application, but that of Death, to eradicate. And that more than polite attention, with which he has been, in general, received, has tended to kindle a flame of gratitude in his breast, which, he trusts, will require a more protracted period to extinguish, than that which fate has assigned for his earthly existence.

Poetry, to gratify the ear of intelligence, and find its way to the heart of sensibility, should always be formed on the model of DENHAM'S THAMES:

“Tho’ deep, yet clear—tho’ gentle, yet not dull;
Strong, without rage—without o’erflowing, full.”

To characteristics like these, however, the present-poems can lay no claim. Yet, the Author solaces himself with the idea, that if there is little to approve, there is little to condemn. He has been careful to prevent his humour from verging to obscenity, and his satire from sinking into personalities. He has scrupulously avoided every sentiment that could excite a

pang in the bosom of virtue, or cover the cheek of modesty with a blush. Still he looks not for posthumous celebrity. These effusions may obtain a limited degree of approbation from those who have kindly introduced them into the world; but when they shall have to rest upon their intrinsic excellence, independent of time and place, they will, in all probability, be consigned to the shades of oblivion, where thousands of similar productions are quietly lodged before them. So feelingly consistent with truth are the following lines, from the elegant pen of MISS LICKBARROW:

“ But few who bear the Poet’s name,
Shall share the lasting wreath of fame,” ——
“ Shall live, in the historic page,
Beyond the limits of an age.”

Cartmel; April, 1818.

PATHETIC PIECES.



EDWARD.

~~~~~  
" Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

GRAY.  
~~~~~

THINK not, ye rich, nor ye whom gaping crowds
Call noble—think not you, alone, possess
The mind serene, that smiles at wayward fate—
The soaring soul, that pants, with eager stretch,
For knowledge, far beyond the pow'rs of man.
No :—Nature, gen'rous mother, kind to all,
Deals, with impartial hand, the bounteous gift.
The hind, who, sweating, flings the bounding flail,

Or seeks, 'mid wintry drifts, his fleecy care,
Feels the big thought swell in his breast, as warm,
As if the gewgaw splendours of a palace,
Had wrapp'd his infant head in pompous ease.
Tho' nature scatters, with an equal hand,
Her blessings, yet, sometimes, a soul appears
Of still superior mould; whose brilliance shines
Like Cynthia 'mid the twinkling gems of night.
And should the genial sun of wealth or birth,
Shine on his fortunes, with unclouded ray,
His fame, far sounding, meets the distant ear
Of other climes, and nations yet unborn.
But if misfortune claim him as her child,
And shroud his ardent mind in poverty,
He crawls, neglected, thro' a useless life;
The by-word of the vain; the mock of fools;
The wealthy proud ones' scorn: or, silent, sits
And mourns his inability to reach
The fruit, that science holds before his eye;

EDWARD, tho' poor, and nurtur'd by the hand
Of honest poverty, possess'd a heart,
That felt as keenly for a friend's distress,
And burn'd as warmly to revenge his wrongs,
As ever beat within a human breast.
When rosy health spread sunshine o'er his cheek,
Each morning found him early at his toil;
That labour done, forth he would, musing, roam
To seek some hedge-arch'd lane's delightful shade;
There, read some fav'rite author, and compare
The living with the pictur'd scene. Or catch,
Thro' gap or gate, the landscape, pencil'd by
The hand of nature; now, more lovely render'd from
The mist, that gathers blueely on the stream
Of some slow brook; and paints its beauties in
A softer shade.—Sometimes, with dauntless step,
He'd scale the giddy mountain's tow'ring height;
Where rocks on rocks, in wild confusion flung,
Inspire the mind with more than pleasing thoughts.

Hence, far and wide, the prospect opens on
Thi' enraptur'd eye; hills sink to plains, and trees
Diminish down to shrubs; meand'ring streams
Appear like threads of tinsel, glitt'ring on
A velvet carpet, green and brown; the distant hills
Seem dusky clouds or unsubstantial mist,
Intruding on the northern verge of heaven.—
Here, would he stand, his soul serenely wrapp'd
In pleasing wonder, till the Tweedle* ceas'd
To sweep the yielding air; the Beetle hush'd;
And not a sound broke on his musing ear;—
Save, where the cascade, dash'd from rock to rock,
In sweetly solemn murmurs, all around,
Disturb'd the sacred stillness of the hour.

But human nature's various, ample scene
Presented to his searching eye, a field
Where busy thought, at ev'ry turn, might cull

* The *Hirundo apus*.

A nosegay, various as his fancy wish'd.
A calm survey convinc'd his gen'rous mind,
That man is often better than he seems.
Effects, he found, could only meet the view,
Whose secret causes circumstance obscur'd;
Which did we know, we might with pleasure hail
What now we view with horror and disgust.—
Thus would he argue, e'en till fellest foes
Would listen all their malice into love,
And part, forgetful of their former feuds.

A certain something mingled with his words,
Play'd round his lips, and wanton'd o'er his cheek,
That drew, delighted, to his fervent breast,
The hearts of all, who knew his matchless worth.
An easy awe, depicted in his eye,
Forbade the near approach of taunting jest,
Or bolder insult.—Such his candour was,
That sculking slander spread her jaundic'd wings,

And fled his gen'rous presence. Yet his smile
Diffus'd a mirth-inspiring influence round
The titt'ring hearth, when icy show'rs compell'd
Gay youth to seek the chimney's snug retreat.
Then would the harmless jest, the curious tale,
Or strange mishap, grac'd by his native wit,
Excite the titillating burst of joy.

Hast thou not seen, when storms have swept the plain,
The pliant reed bend humbly to the blast?
Or, pitying, view'd the trembling spaniel, whipp'd,
Turn round and lick the hand that gave the blow?
So EDWARD seem'd when sickness pal'd his cheek,
And writhing spasms had rack'd his pow'rless frame;
With soul resign'd, he meekly smil'd at pain,
And bless'd the hand that fill'd his cup with grief.
And when, again, recruiting nature cheer'd
Deceitful hope, and promis'd smiling years
Of buxom health, he, joyful, prais'd that pow'r,

Whose ev'ry action speaks unbounded love—
Who, with a glance, ten thousand worlds surveys—
Without whose notice, not a sparrow falls!

Whene'er reflection conjures up the scene,
How sinks my heart! Straight flits, across my thought,
Remembrance of those happy days gone by,
When we together sat and talk'd! No more
His voice shall cheer my drooping, grief-lorn soul.
No more his ready smile shall meet my eye.
No more his faithful serpent stick shall bear
Its master forth, to drink the healthful brceze;
As oft 'twas wont, when he, near Broughton Grove,*
Sweet villa, took his stand. How would his eye,
Delighted, wander o'er the varied scene
Of sloping hill, green wood, or flow'ry plain!
And, stretching far his feeble optics, mark
The tiny ship in skies and seas involv'd.

* The residence of W. C. Slater, Esq. near Cartmel.

Then, slowly treading back his tott'ring steps,
Approve the tasteful owner of the Grove,
And paint, in words, the beauties he had view'd.

Death, great dissolver of life's busy dream,
Is scarcely welcom'd by the tongue of age.
E'en those whose palsied limbs can scarcely bear
The sapless trunk, with horror view the tomb;
Or, with reverted eyes, recoil, and shun
The loathsome sight. A sudden chillness damps
The warmest heart, when, borne on airy wing,
The solemn, deep-ton'd death bell strikes the ear.
How, then, did EDWARD feel, when, in the bud,
The bursting bud of life, unpitying death
Dash'd from his lips the cup of earthly hope?—
He met the stroke as Christians ever should.—
No murmur, sigh, or sound of sad regret
Escap'd him. Smiles of sweet content dwelt on
His ghastly cheek; and death, familiar, form'd

His pleasing theme. No ling'ring wish disturb'd
His soul's serene repose. He smil'd—he gasp'd—
And fix'd his eyes on heav'n; then breath'd
His spirit forth, to meet that God, whose love
Had borne him conq'ror thro' the trying scene.

Now, seal'd in darkness, sleep those tearless eyes,
That pal'd there brilliance o'er the midnight page;
Whose sober lustre spoke a heart sincere;
And whisper'd, softer than the voice of love,
That all was right within. That tongue, whose words
Were echo'd from the soul—those lips, which ne'er
Abus'd the gift of speech, to lead astray the heart
Of innocence, are now in silence hush'd.
Those limbs, whose strength, agility, and pow'r,
Foretold (how falsely!) years of joyful health,
Bereft of motion, mingle with the dust.
That heart itself, the seat of ev'ry grace,
Has lost its sweetly sympathetic glow—

Has ceas'd to heave the social pang, for pain,
Reflected from a fellow suff'rer's breast !

Suppress your spleen, ye whom the world calls great,
Nor frown that I should sing a poor man's praise :
Indeed, unnotic'd would your censure fall,
Whilst thou, my BROTHER, form'st my darling theme.
We liv'd, as brothers might in Eden live,
Without *one jarring word* to wound our love ;
Nor shall thy mem'ry, from my faithful heart,
But with my life's last flutt'ring throb, depart !

AN ELEGY,

ON THE DEATH OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE
PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

~~~~~  
"Each lonely scene shall thee restore,  
For thee, the tear be duly shed:  
Belov'd till life can charm no more,  
And mourn'd till pity's self be dead!"

COLLINS.

~~~~~

WEEP, BRITAIN, weep! thy richest treasure's gone!

The laurel withers round thy august head;—
For Death has pal'd the splendour of the throne;
Its brightness faded, and its glory fled.

Yes, CHARLOTTE yields her dearly valu'd breath,
And, meteor like, no more shall glad our eyes;
Her beauty droops beneath the stroke of death—
Her virtues mingle with their native skies.

Her dove-like soul seem'd temper'd to compose

BRITANNIA's fears, and bid her smile again;

For hope had plac'd the Alcove of repose,

Beneath the foliage of a CHARLOTTE's reign.

But, Ah! how vain, our hopes of earthly bliss!—

Our fondest wishes, blasted ere they bloom.—

Ah! pensive COBOURG! thou canst witness this,

A truth, inscrib'd in tears on CHARLOTTE's tomb.

Say, widow'd COBOURG, will thy wand'ring feet

Not sometimes seek the Grotto in the Grove,

Where once, with pleasure, echo would repeat

The tuneful warblings of thy CHARLOTTE's love?

Say, will no feelings, melancholy, sweet,

Spring in thy bosom, when thou shalt explore

Some dear recess, some favourite retreat,

Which ye have often visited before?

As, round thy CLAREMONT, thou shalt sometimes stray
Towards the Moss-house, where yè oft reclin'd,
How will each object of the gloomy way,
Restore her dear lov'd image to thy mind!

Yet, where's the charm can silence sorrow's voice?
Or, in thy bosom, hush affliction's storm?
She's gone, who was thy early, only choice:—
A heav'nly cherub in a human form!

Can ought of sculpture, to the marble giv'n,
The glowing virtues of her soul portray?—
A soul, sublimely emulous of heav'n—
And virtues, brilliant as the rising day!

Each tribute, paid to dear departed worth,
Gives to the feeling heart a gloomy joy:—
'Twas cherish'd sorrow gave to sculpture birth,
And bade the chisel all its pow'rs employ.

The solemn music of the muffled bell,
Associates sweetly with a Nation's grief;
The doleful murmurs of the stifled knell,
Impart (tho' sad) the semblance of relief.

A silent tear swells in the languid eye,
As "CHARLOTTE'S exit" quivers on the breath;
And pity heaves the heart-convulsing sigh,
As sorrow sobs the story of her death!

But, rob'd in all the majesty of light,
Could we but now her radiant form survey,
Our tears would vanish at the dazzling sight—
Our blushing grief in rapture melt away!

AN ELEGY,
ON THE DEATH OF DR. COKE.

~~~~~  
" Friend of mankind ! thy righteous task is o'er ;  
The heart which throbb'd with pity, beats no more ! "

BOWLES.

~~~~~

WHAT tho' thy shroud be not with roses dress'd,
No splendid tomb thy peerless virtues tell,
No kindred souls, with silent grief oppress'd,
Kneel round thy grave and sadly sob 'farewell!'

Yet, gratitude thy labours shall retrace,
And unborn myriads lend the willing ear,
When the conclusion of thy virtuous race,
Bids ev'ry eyelid drop the ready tear.

Tho' o'er thy bones the waves, unconscious, sweep,
And sea-weeds wrap thee in their dusky vest,
And stupid dolphins round thy coffin creep,
And foaming surges lash thy chilly breast !

Yet, thou shalt still be dear to ev'ry soul,
And oft, with tears, we shall thy name repeat;
Until the Gospel sound from pole to pole,
And clashing tenets in sweet concord meet.

The dingy negro, and his jetty spouse,
(Their sooty offspring smiling at their feet,)
Shall oft, with rapture, at the ev'ning close,
The truths thou told'st them, to their sons repeat,

E'en lisping babes shall learn thy deathless name,
And youths and maidens drop a tear for thee;
Till all Columbia echo with thy fame,—
And COKE shall live engrav'd on many a tree.

By Cambrian bards thy dirges shall be sung,
And Irish hills reverberate the sound,
(Deep heaving moans, sweet food for echo's tongue,)
And tuneless harps shall idly strew the ground.

“Our COKE's no more!—” the weeping mourner cries,
While something whispers in my throbbing breast,
That COKE, remov'd beyond the azure skies,
Enjoys the nameless sweets of heav'nly rest.

2

If conscious, now, (as I believe thou art,)
Of thy dear mission to the Indian isles,
What rapture must expand thy swelling heart,
To see fruition crown thy former toils!

Like our great MISSIONARY from above,
Who did a few selected saints enrol,
So thou, inspir'd by warm celestial love,
Prepar'dst to preach the truth to ev'ry soul.

Hail, glorious few! whom ease nor int'rest binds,
You calmly leave your happy natal shore;
You go (And virtue actuates your minds!)
To preach the Gospel to the Eastern poor.

Tho' Death has robb'd you of your faithful guide,
And you appear deserted and alone,
Yet, God himself shall o'er the work preside,
And claim this glorious mission for his own.

AN ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN THE CHAPEL-LANDS.

(AFTER THE MANNER OF GRAY.)

~~~~~  
"Time was these ashes liv'd ;---a time must be  
When others thus may stand and look at me."

MOORE.

~~~~~

THE Chapel-lands is a field near Allithwaite, in Cartmel, the property of the late Edward Barrow, Esq. of Allithwaite Lodge.

Tho' tradition is perfectly silent, with regard to any thing which might tend to gratify the curiosity of the antiquary; yet, the discovery of a stratum of human bones, regularly disposed about three feet below the surface of the ground, evidently indicates this field to have been a receptacle for the dead. And the names of some adjoining places, such as Kirkhead, (a hill in which there is a small cave,) Abbot Hall, &c. may be consider'd as so many presumptive arguments in favour of the supposition, that a Roman Catholic Chapel once stood here.

THO' o'er their graves no pompous statues weep—

No sculptur'd marble tells the piteous tale,

Within this smiling meadow, calmly sleep

The ancient tenants of this fertile vale.

Here have they slept from ages so remote,

That e'en tradition leaves the tale untold;

And fancy, only, aids the wand'ring thought,

The secret hist'ry of their lives t'unfold.

Here might some Druid's sacred circle stand,

And KIRKHEAD-CAVE his lone asylum be;

From which he, pensive, view'd the neighb'ring sand,

Now smoothly flowing—now a raging sea.

But fancy thinks, (and fancy's oft inspir'd,)

That here some Romish chapel must have stood;

Where holy Priests, with pure devotion fir'd,

Taught simple hinds the art of being good.

How shall the vent'rous muse attempt to trace,
Or call to life, the long forgotten dead;—
Bid crimson lustre re-illumine the face,
Or wrap brown honours round the mould'ring head?

When fancy turns the retrospective eye,
She sees, far distant, thro' the time-wove shade,
These very bones which here neglected lie,
Replete with vigour, and in health array'd.—

Perhaps I'm treading, with unconscious feet,
The holy relics of some glorious saint;
Whose pious lips, with pow'rful pray'r replete,
Could move the ear of heaven to his complaint.

Yon little hillock, by the mole uprear'd,
Contains a part of some renowned lord,
Whose puny arm around this vale was fear'd,
Who made his vassals tremble at his word.

Where, ruminating, rests the sluggish cow,
Lies some fair female, nipt in youthful bloom,
Just when she should have made the nuptial vow,
She left the lover for the clay-cold tomb.—

Such may have been to this damp earth consign'd;
Some mourn'd by friends, and some unheeded brought;
So, reason dictates to the musing mind,
While fancy's toying with the wav'ring thought.—

I feel my heart to gloomy thoughts inclin'd,
Whilst wand'ring round the precincts of the dead;
And shady visions flit across my mind,
Of former scenes that are forever fled!

And what am I, who view this hallow'd ground?
A bubble dancing down life's little stream;
My time, a moment in th'eternal round;
My breath, a vapour; and my wit, a dream!

But soon must I, from all I love, depart,
And be, like these, in earth's chill bosom laid!
Will friendship, then, assume the mourner's part,
And sooth, with tears, my still existing shade?

Till then my heart with friendship's fire shall glow,
Whose genial flame my drooping spirits warms:
My breast must thrill or heave, with joy or wo,
Till death shall clasp me in his chilly arms!

AN ELEGY,

WRITTEN AMONG THE RUINS OF ST. MARY'S ABBEY,
NEAR DALTON IN FURNESS.

~~~~~  
"———Time between the pillars leans,  
And bows them with his weight."

MONTGOMERY.  
~~~~~

RELENTLESS time ! these scatter'd stones display

The with'ring influence of thy potent spell ;
And hooting owls, that shun the glare of day,
Sulk here, as if, the mournful tale to tell !

Their screams, alone, disturb the silent gloom,

As round this long-forsaken spot I rove ;
Or, leaning o'er the moss-incrusted tomb,
I watch the breeze that fans the bending grove.

With awe I tread this antiquated pile,

Where list'ning echoes whisper back my breath ;
And solemn seems this moonbeam-chequer'd aisle,
Where all is hush'd, as in the arms of death !

Here, oft at midnight, rous'd from sleep profound,
Have pious Monks the holy Matins sung ;
While cavern'd walls prolong'd the ling'ring sound,
And breathless echoes round the cloister rung.

By vow secluded from the sweets of life,
This splendid fabrie held the soul-tied guest ;
The social friend,—the fond endearing wife,
By stealth, would enter his forbidden breast.

Some pious mortals, (ev'ry passion even,)
With tapers burning, spent the night in pray'r ;
In this recluse prepar'd their souls for heaven,
Freed from the busy world and all its care.

Remov'd are they, who, here with gen'rous heart,
The lib'ral, not the gorgeous table spread,
Assuag'd the hungry trav'ler's sick'ning smart,
From night dews screen'd his unprotected head.

This letter'd stone, on which I rest my arm,
Reminds me that a human corpse lies here,
Whose gen'rous soul, perhaps with virtue warm,
Once dropp'd, o'er others' woes, the soothing tear.

He may have been—Nay wand'ring fancy cease,
No more the visionary picture scan;
His faults and virtues sleep alike in peace:—
Truth whispers only this:—“*He was a man!*”

Vain man!—should fate extend thy little year,
And tardy nature gently meet decay;
Should war-won laurels round thy brows appear,
And bloody carnage mark thy purple way.

Should heav'n-born genius fire thy soaring mind,
And shouldst thou give new arts and theories birth;
To thy deserts, should much woo'd fame be kind,
And waft thy honours round the wond'ring earth.

Yet, Death's oblivious arm must strike thee low,
And all thy fleeting honours be forgot;—
Another age thy name will scarcely know—
Neglected like this once renowned spot!

I much could wish to spend my ev'nings here;
'Twould melt the soul and mollify the heart.
In twilight gloom whoever wanders near,
Will prize the feelings which these scenes impart.

With grief he'll trace the far extending wall,
The broken columnus—weed-infested floor;
And sigh that rage should antedate their fall;—
Mistaken zeal, now, happily no more!

HENRY AND MARGARET.

(A TRUE TALE.)

~~~~~  
“Invidious death ! how dost thou rend in sunder  
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one ?  
A tie so stubborn ! ——”

BLAIR.

~~~~~

WITHIN that valley's circling range,
Where CARTMEL smiles secure,
Whose peaceful tenants glide thro' life,
Contented, tho' they're poor;

Ill-fated MARG'RET's love-fraught eye
First met the cheerful day :—
Here, did her lovely infant cheek,
Its blushing tints display.

Ere yet her lisping tongue had pow'r
To give her notions breath,
Her father* (whom she just could name)
Was snatch'd from her by death!

Beneath a mother's fost'ring smile,
Was MARG'RET's childhood pass'd;
And oft her prattle would beguile
That mother's cares to rest.

But time, that beautifies the fields—
Then bids that beauty fade,
(Her mental pow'rs, improv'd,) at length,
Produce'd the blooming maid.—

When, in her ear, the village youths
Breath'd, soft, the tender tale,
And vow'd they gladly hugg'd the chains
Of MARG'RET *of the vale*;

She heard, untouch'd, th'empassion'd vow—

Unmov'd, the am'rous sigh:—

A stranger yet to love's sweet cares;

Tho' love liv'd in her eye.

And tho' the busy god of love,

Oft aim'd at her a dart,

In vain the little rascal strove

To wound the maiden's heart.

Till HENRY (once the happiest swain,

Tho' now the most forlorn !)

With honest boldness woo'd the maid,

And met a kind return.

No more she laughs at lovers' woes,

Or chides when they complain;

But loves to read, in HENRY'S eyes,

The story of his pain.

Time wav'd his wings with double speed,
As o'er the fields they stray'd ;
And slowly seem'd to creep along,
When absent from the maid.

So HENRY thought :—for HENRY felt
The sweet infection creep
Warm round his heart, make glad the day,
And cheer his hours of sleep.

Thus days, and months, and years roll'd on,
And still the faithful pair,
Beyond each other, felt no wish,
No hope, no fear, no care.

At length, the happy day, oft wish'd,
Arriv'd to crown their joy,
Which saw them gladly join'd for life.—
Alas! how short the tie !

Now pleasure struck her tuneful harp,
And sung, "Let joy abound:—"
In unison their bosoms heav'd,
And melted at the sound.

No jarring words—no sullen frown,
Disturb'd their peaceful cot ;
But eye met eye, and heart met heart.—
Oh ! happy, happy lot!—

Some eight times, now, the varying moon
Had round her circuit run,
Since their fond hearts, the nuptial tie,
Commingling, join'd in one ;

When genial gleams, and fruitful show'rs,
Prepar'd the grass for hay ;
And, over many a Yorkshire hill,
Had HENRY bent his way.

And swiftly flew his keen-edg'd sithe,
 'Mid flow'rs of fragrant smell;
And, down his manly shoulders, sweat,
 In steamy oozings, fell.

But neither sithe, nor flow'rs, nor sweat,
 Forbade his thoughts to roam;
For, on the waving wings of love,
 His fancy wander'd home.

And oft, when noon the nap allow'd
 Beneath the with'ring hay,
Imagination wing'd him back
 To where his treasure lay.—

And now the mower's task is done,
 And sithes o'er shoulders laid,
And, weary, HENRY homeward hies,
 Pleas'd with the ev'ning shade.

“A few more sinking suns, at most,
And I shall meet my dear,”
Thought HENRY, as he journey’d on,
And smil’d to think it near.

“Then I shall to my bosom strain
The pride of CARTMEL *vale*;
And she, with equal joy,” thought he,
“My wish’d return will hail.”

Now gaily seated at the board,
Where all was mirth and jest;
A moment, HENRY suffer’d joy
To harbour in his breast.

The old brown jug went freely round,
Well fill’d with home-brew’d ale;
And HENRY, as he kiss’d the brim,
Thought,—MARG’RET *of the vale*!

While HENRY thus enjoys the feast,
And hugs himself secure,
The maid informs the cheerful train :—
“A stranger’s at the door.”

But HENRY knew the stranger well,—
(Quick throb’d his heart with fear!)
And ask’d, and urg’d, and press’d to know,
What bus’ness brought him there.

“Alas! no welcome news I bring ;—
Poor MARG’RET, Oh!” he cries;
“Make haste, or ere you reach your home,
The hapless fair one dies! ”

The night was dark—the rain pour’d fast—
The sweeping tempest blew ;—
Still quicker, HENRY urg’d his steed,
Tho’ swift as wind he flew.

At length, he reach'd the wish'd for cot,
But all was sad and drear ;
The rueful cheeks of those he met,
Confirm'd his former fear.

But Ah! what tongue can tell the pang,
That agoniz'd his breast,
When he beheld her lovely form,
In solemn fun'ral dress'd!

In silent grief he stood and view'd
Death's fairest ruin there;—
And, from his inmost soul, he wish'd
Her hapless fate to share!—

E'en *yet*, the marks of manly grief,
Sit painted in his eye;
And oft when silence reigns around,
He breaks it with a sigh!

Her name, tho' dropp'd by chance, will throw

A chillness round his heart;

And, thro' a half-forc'd smile, the tear

Will oft, unbidden, start.——

Beneath a green turf, calmly laid,

Are MARG'RET's ashes pale;

And all who pass it, inly sigh,

"Poor MARG'RET of the vale!"

THE PRESSGANG.

~~~~~  
"Ah! such are the mis'ries to which ye give birth,  
Ye statesmen, ne'er dreading a sear!"

SMITH.  
~~~~~

'T WAS morn, and the silk pendant shook in the breeze,
The rising sun gilded the wave—
When Jack, who had frequently travers'd the seas,
Sprung out of his hammock, where often, at ease,
He'd listen'd the hurricane rave.

The blushes of morning, a moment, beguil'd

His heart of its ominous fear;

When hope, like an angel, with accents so mild,

Stepp'd into his bosom and said, as he smil'd,

"Let bright expectation dwell here."——

Young Nancy was fair as the queen of the grove,

Had cheeks, like a rose in its pride;

From childhood she always had cherish'd a love

For Jack, who had promis'd, (his honour to prove,)

This morning, to make her his bride.

Their vows being exchanged, their fond wishes crown'd,

With their friends, to an inn, they retir'd;

Where pleasure, dish'd up in glass goblets, went round,

While youths and young virgins beat quick to the sound

Of violins, till they were tir'd.

Blithe joy, in her sky-colour'd mantle, was there,
With her sisters, joke, mirth, and delight;
When ecstasy whisper'd young Nancy, the fair,
That rapture should always reside with the pair,
On whom the god Phœbus shone bright.

Young Nancy believ'd it.—The story went round,
That a sunbeam had gilded the bride:
With hearts overflowing, their friends heard the sound,
“Their joys shall increase, and their wealth shall abound,
Till death;”—they exultingly cried.

“Farewell to grief, anger, hate, sorrow, and gloom,”
Cried all whose hearts throbb'd with delight;
And the warm glow of pleasure enliven'd the bloom,
On the cheeks of the fair ones, whose beauty gave room,
For Cupid to aim his shafts right.

'Twas pleasure, 'twas transport, 'twas rapture, 'twas more,
Thro' each bosom, with ecstasy, rang;—
When, sudden!—the PRESSGANG burst open the door!
Like statues, the dancers seem'd fix'd to the floor,
When, in stepp'd the chief of the GANG!—

Distraction, despondence, surprise, and despair,
Bid the stream of existence move slow;
Till the pale quiv'ring lips of the terrified fair,
In a shriek of wild anguish, remind them, that there,
Stand hearts that ne'er melted at wo.—

Brave Jack, who, till then, was a free British tar,
With his jovial companions, all bound,
Was hurried on board a black engine of war,
While the cries of the females resounded afar,
But the vultures were deaf to the sound!—

Alone, in the dusk, as she strays on the shore,

Fair Nancy with heaving heart sighs :

“Fair Freedom, great goddess, whom all men adore,

Do thou to my bosom my husband restore,

For Oppression is deaf to my cries!”

Half frantic with grief, as she wanders, forlorn,

On the beach, a voice cries from the waves :

“The period is near, when Britannia shall scorn

To see her brave sons from their relatives torn,

And dragg’d to the Gallies *like slaves!*”

DESCRIPTIVE PIECES.



WINDERMERE.

~~~~~  
Oh! 'twere endless to declare  
Thy charms, imperial WINDERMERE!"

PLUMTREE.  
~~~~~

THE waving wood, the sloping hill,
The winding stream, the purling rill,
The verdant meadow's even smile,
The pebbly beach, the scatter'd isle,
The dashing oar, the swelling sail,
With pleasing solace, never fail
To sooth my care, and lull my fear,
Along the banks of WINDERMERE.

When Nature pencil'd out the scene,—
The humble hill, the valley green:—
The bleak inhospitable fells,
With rugged steeps and narrow dells,
Secure, in which, the smiling farm,
Or peasant's cot is snug and warm:—
The forest dark, the coppice trim,
Slow shelving to the water's brim:—
In sweetest green its shores she dress'd,
And spread her mirror o'er its breast.

We bend our steps up GUMMER'S HOW,
To view, at ease, the vales below:—
Tow'rd's Phœbus' portals stretch the view,
Where nature's beauties are but few:
The heathy waste, the craggy height,
Or barren moor fatigues the sight.—
If, polar round, the scene we trace,
Where SKIDDAW veils, in clouds, his face,

There winter, first in autumn, peeps,
And crowns, with snow, his shelvy steeps.—
Let Vesper next attract our eyes,
Where the ATLANTIC meets the skies:
Imagination faintly sees
The vessel skim before the breeze.—
Then boldly dare the solar ray,
Where LUNE translucent rolls away;
Or nearer, where, on either hand,
The tide o'erspreads the treach'rous SAND;
Or ease our eyes with milder scenes,
Where lovely CARTMEL intervenes;
Whose noble CHURCH, a GOTHIC pile,
Did o'er misguided faction smile.
A proof, to us, this structure stands,
Of lib'ral hearts, and skilful hands!

Descending from this airy height,
Transcendent beauties greet the sight;

The taper fir's embow'ring grove,
Delightful haunt of rustic love.—
What mental sweets my soul pervade,
When Cynthia glitters thro' the shade!
If midnight music nature wake,
In lively chorus, o'er the LAKE;
The gentle gale the choir conveys,
And modulates the smoothest lays.
From hill to hill the notes resound,
In sweet responsive echoes round;
(Of panspipe, flute, or vocal strain;)
The gale removes, then brings again.

When Phœbus gilds the pendant wood,
And paints a landscape in the flood,
A thousand various charms, combin'd,
At ev'ry turn enchant the mind.
I range the sweetly wooded shore,
Till sylvan charms can charm no more;

Then seize the oar, or check the sail,
Half shrinking from the southern gale.—
And now what various prospects rise
To charm my ever wand'ring eyes!
The fleecy clouds swift o'er me fleet,
Whilst others roll beneath my feet;
Suspended in the centre, I
Seem circled in a globe of sky;
Whilst all around a scene appears,
That nature's gayest liv'ry wears.
The light-trimm'd skiff proceeds with ease,
And bids me choose what scenes I please.

Close to the slate-besprinkled shore,
Where first the boatman dips his oar,
Stands MACHELL's sweetly rural seat:
A tasteful mansion, simply neat.—
Retiring from the public gaze,
The LANDING half a front displays.—

Here FELLFOOT, neat-built mansion, stands,
By hills o'ertopp'd, the LAKE commands.—
There TOWNLEY's meets the wand'ring eyes,
Where hills in due gradation rise:
Belov'd by all the country round;
His chief delight, his horse and hound.—
Here BOLTON's shines in splendid state,
O'er these pre-eminently great.—
There CURWEN's cultivated isle
Makes all around it wear a smile.—
Half hid by sycamores, is seen
The well accustom'd FERRY-INN:
For all that strips the soul of care,
In simple neatness, shelters there.—

Now, o'er the lucid dome of heav'n,
A full charg'd cloud is northward driv'n;
The troubled LAKE the tempest fears,
Which now a sterner aspect wears.

With murm'ring noise, down teems the show'r ;
On GRAITHWAITE woods, the big drops pour !
No more the LAKE in stillness sleeps ;
For now the storm, from FINSTHWAITE steep,
Across the bubbling surface sweeps.—
Heart-stealing nymphs, divinely fair,
Whose vestments ill exclude the air,
Cling to their swains in wild alarm ;
Who, while they screen them, bless the storm ;
Believe their fears enhance their charms,
And clasp them closer in their arms !—
The lovely *Laura*, *Damon* seeks ;
(The red rose, varying o'er her cheeks ;)
His kindness dissipates her fears—
His burning kiss exhales her tears.
Such transports thrill thro' ev'ry vein,
He heeds, nor feels the patt'ring rain.
He blesses heav'n for show'rs like this,
Whose ev'ry drop is fraught with bliss !

Now laughing nature re-appears—
A brighter hue the verdure wears.
Again we choose, as fancy wills,
The hamlets, mansions, cots, and viles.

There BELFIELD shrinks from public view,
Lost in a grove of verdant hue.—
Now BOWNESS bursts upon the sight :
A lovely village rob'd in white.—
Where heav'n and earth appear to meet,
Stands ORREST-HEAD, a dear retreat.—
Upon the margin of the flood,
Stands RAYRIGG, circled round with wood.
There's WATSON's *once* select abode :
—Great champion of the church and God.—
Now northward, mountains, tow'ring rise,
That, with their summits, cleave the skies ;
At whose huge feet, where art is seen
To clothe the ground in varied green,

Is AMBLESIDE, the great resort
Of folks from city, town, and court,
Which, their excursions tend to make
The little LONDON of the LAKE.

From vale to hill—from hill to grove,
Our wand'ring fancies ever rove ;
A dashing cascade charms our ears ;
A sudden squall excites our fears ;
Then wafting gales our fears compose,
And hush our cares to calm repose.

Would GREEN but stretch his pencil here,
And paint the scenes of WINDERMERE,
Then might thy beauties, charming LAKE,
A captivating figure make!

THE RICH MAN.

~~~~~  
"Nought I condemn, but that excess which clouds  
The mental faculties, to sooth the sense."

STAGG.  
~~~~~

PROFUSELY blest in fortune's smile,
The RICH MAN's days glide smoothly on ;
No aching limbs, no sweat, no toil,
Disturbs the peace of Plutus' son.

His glitt'ring hords of wealth, untold,
Procure whatever fancy craves ;
E'en art and nature yield to gold,
And jointly stoop to be his slaves.

If fickle fortune's son grow proud,
And dictate with tyrannic sway,
Then fortune's bastards round him crowd,
To learn his mandates—and obey.

How many useless arts conspire
To bless the pamper'd sons of pride!
Preventing each half-form'd desire—
No wish is left unsatisfied.

When frost nips up the tender blades,
His parlour forms a warm retreat;
And murm'ring streams, and cooling shades,
Assuage, for him, the summer heat.

For him the sable negro toils,
And slaves dig up Potosi's ore;
To cull the sweets of foreign soils,
The sailor visits ev'ry shore.

The blushing fruit, the trembling fish,
The bounding lamb, the flutt'ring bird—
Whatever luxury can wish,
Pours in, obedient to his word.

On yielding heaps of down he seeks
The balmy pow'rs of tranquil rest ;
And blooming beauty's glowing cheeks
Recline upon his lordly breast.

The polish'd silver decks his board,
And costly robes his limbs intwine,
With choicest meats his table's stor'd,
And goblets fill'd with luscious wine.

How brilliant is the rich man's DEATH !
What sable crowds his exit mourn !—
And e'en the corpse, devoid of breath,
In stately pomp to earth is borne !

THE POOR MAN.

~~~~~  
“The peasant, pining on his bed of straw,  
Should draw as warm a tear from melting pity,  
As when a Monarch suffers.”

COLMAN.  
~~~~~

BEHOLD yon outcast son of wo,
Whose tatter'd garments speak distress!
His abject state full well I know,
But where shall suff'ring meet redress?

With weary limbs he trudges home,
From slavish servitude releas'd:—
'Tis heav'n's irrevocable doom,
That some should toil while others feast.

His lisping children smile to see
Their loving father's wish'd return;
And gaily crowd around his knee;
And kindly ask, What makes him mourn?—

“No ills,” says he, “disturb your mind,
To no heart-rending griefs a prey;
You little wantons, wild as wind,
Such was the morning of my day. .

“But soon, my silver sun, o’ercast,
’Mid murky clouds kept wading on—
The clatt’ring show’r and rocking blast,
Beat hard on poor misfortune’s son.—

“To shield, from want, your tender years,
To screen you from the cold and heat,
Is my fond wish.—I’ll dry my tears—
This, our last morsel, shall you eat!”

The want-struck father smiles to see
His children share the scanty cheer;—
His lovely wife, with equal glee,
Sees life's sustainer disappear.—

When piercing winds and chilling rain,
Lay all the wither'd country waste;
And winter's earpet spreads the plain,
Brought by the sweeping northern blast;

His dormant terrors rise alarm'd,
When the poor man surveys the plain;
His frozen limbs, uncloth'd, unwarm'd,
His stomach, rack'd with raging pain.

His wife does his affections claim;
For nature's pains increase their hold—
No Doctor, Nurse, save one old dame,
Whose charity is—love of gold!

No clothes, the shiv'ring babe to dress,
No food, its mother to sustain;
Her other children round her press,
Of hunger, thirst, and cold complain.

Unable to support the smart
Of seeing children weep for bread,
Her tender soul breaks from her heart,
And leaves her slumb'ring with the dead!

"Light up the fire, our fingers smart,"
His starv'd and hungry infants cry:
The father beats his throbbing heart;
And breathes no wish, but this:—"To die!"

THE OLD MAN.

~~~~~  
"My hours that, laughing, wont to fleet away,  
Move heavily along."

SHAW.  
~~~~~

AU, mem'ry! too faithfully true!

Few beauties hast thou in thy train,
Restoring past pleasures to view,
So mingled with sorrow and pain.

In childhood, gay season of ease,
(Those days of the purest delight,)
Each object was certain to please—
Each object was new to my sight.

The greatest distress I could know,
The loss of some favourite toy;
A treat, at the fair, to a show,
A source of unspeakable joy.

But gone are those days of delight,
Yes, never again to return;
And, now, from the morning till night,
For death to relieve me, I mourn.

To childhood I'm hast'ning again—
My arms are unnerved and weak;
My sinews support me with pain;
And, toothless, I scarcely can speak.

But all the gay scenes of my youth,
That charmed my juvenile thought,
Are tasteless, unable to sooth
The pains of the palsy or gout.

I once could, with pleasure and ease,
Bound over the turf like the wind;
To hear the sweet plaudits increase,
Enchanted, like music, my mind.

But, now, on a stick or a crutch,
With anguish and torture, I go:—
I scarcely (my deafness is such!)
Distinguish a voice that I know.

To join in the heat of the chace,
And hark on the eager mouth'd dog,
Made ev'ry idea give place,
And set my gay spirits agog.

And still, when I hear the sweet sounds,
My heart scampers over the plain;
But my legs, tho' they once lov'd the hounds,
Compel me at home to remain.

This tongue, once so flippantly gay,
That poison'd the ears of the fair,
Has long ceas'd its charms to display:—
No more to the lovely a snare.

The delicate feast and rich wine,
No longer with envy I see;
No longer for dainties I pine,
For tasteless are dainties to me.—

But still there is pleasure in age,
(Tho' few are the pleasures in life,)
My passions are stripp'd of their rage,
And free me from quarrels and strife.

It yields me sweet joy to survey
My grandchildren cling to my knee;
Or bound o'er the grass-plot, in play,
Contending with innocent glee,

Depriv'd of the choice of my youth,
 (Whose death cut a string in my heart,
Whose tender indulgence could sooth
 The pang of each torturing smart,)

My daughter, with kindness, can best
 Assuage the sharp pains that I feel ;
But still there's a wound in my breast,
 Her filial attention can't heal.

The friends of my youth are all dead ;
 (A new race of men I behold ;)
From sorrow and pain they have fled,
 And left me, both lonely and old.

My limbs are so cold and so chill,
 I creep to the fire for heat,
While others bound over the hill,
 And suck in warm health at their feet.

My visage is wither'd and wan ;

The blood in my veins scarcely moves ;

I've lost the bold image of man ;

I look like a *Faun* from the groves.

My head too is bleached and white ;

My strength is decayed and gone ;

My watery eyes shun the light ;

And death brings me comfort alone !

THE CHILD.

~~~~~  
"———— Playful on the knee,  
To press the velvet lip of infancy,  
To stay the tott'ring step, the features trace---  
Inestimable sweets of social peace !"

BLOOMFIELD.

~~~~~

SEE the nurse her charge attending,

Hear the darling's lisping prattle;

How its little eyes are bending

O'er the pretty gingling rattle!

Quickly vexed—soon appeased;

Laughing, crying, waking, sleeping;

Chid and grieved—kiss'd and pleased;

All its cares express'd by weeping.

On the flower'd carpet, playing,
Sitting, creeping, rolling, lying—
Now a sunny cheek displaying—
Now o'erspread with clouds—'tis crying!

Now the mother's heart grows fonder,
To her breast she hugs it, smiling;
Ev'ry act excites her wonder,
Ev'ry smile is grief-beguiling.

What exquisite, sweet sensations,
All the mother's heart entrances;
Well rewarded toil and patience,
Some few steps the child advances!

Sweetly wrapp'd in gentle slumber—
By its cot its mother watches;
Balmy kisses, without number,
From its rosy cheek she snatches.—

Happy is this golden season,
Free from care and mental anguish;
Taught, nor led, by erring reason,
For no distant joys we languish.

All we wish is in our power,
Yielding to our inclination,
How we change from sweet to sour,
When we sink in age or station!

Oft to youth's delightful season,
Fancy turns with melancholy;
For we find maturer reason,
Tho' less sweet—a childish folly.

We're but children rather older,
Puling in the lap of fashion;
Or, if aiming to be bolder,
Tott'ring on the stilts of passion.

What's a Coronet, if gained,

But a *rush cap*, or as awkward?

What's a Carriage, when obtained?

Nothing—but a splendid *Go-cart* !

We are children.—Those who govern,

Guardians, sent for our protection ;

And, the sceptre of the sov'reign,

Is the fer'la of Correction.

Tho' we're infants—to avow it,

Ev'ry *six foot lad* refuses ;

Yet, no name can please a Poet,

Like—the *elfin* of the *Muses*.

HUMOROUS PIECES.



THE ADVENTURES
OF A LANCASTER GAZETTE.

~~~~~  
"This folio of four pages, happy work!  
Which not e'en critics criticise;"——  
"What is it, but a map of busy life,  
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns?"

COWPER.

~~~~~

PERVADED with moisture, and dappled with black,
With a fourpenny scutcheon-like badge on my back,
From MINSHULL'S I issu'd, one saturday morn,
By coach, horse, and footpost, to CARTMEL was borne,
By this time bright Phœbus, retiring to bed,
Left candles and tapers to shine in his stead.
To the *Cavendish-arms* by the postman convey'd,
In the *Bowling-green parlour* I quickly was laid;

Till a sociable company met to peruse,
O'er a glass of brown nappy, Political news.
For intelligent gentry, as many, are found
In CARTMEL, as any where twenty miles round.

The fire being mended—the glasses begun,
And a pipe of tobacco deserted half done,
A person, acknowledg'd the pink of good breeding,
Was invested, *nem. con.* with the honour of reading.
The *trio* of MAILS, being carefully read,
With the *substance* of what was in PARLIAMENT said,
They, the rights of the subject, with candour, discuss'd,
And, the balance of power, laid plans to adjust.
The murders, and fires, and weddings, and wonders,
And deaths, and disasters, and Irishmen's blunders,
And other *morceaux*, of as easy digestion,
Bedimpled or wrinkled the cheek in succession.
The SPORTSMAN, the *Races*—the MERCHANT, *Ship-news*—
The TRADESMAN, the *Bankrupts*, with eagerness views.

The POET himself, at the *Scroll and the Pen*,
Just glances to see if his POEM be in.

On SUNDAY some damsels (may husbands reward 'em!)
Would just read the *weddings*, not that they regard 'em;
But merely, like others, with candid derision,
To laugh at the foolish, who change their condition.

On MONDAY I met with a parlour ejection,
So was sent to the kitchen, for vulgar inspection;
Where pompously guessing hard names, as if pat,
Chang'd GHENT into *Jent*, and MURAT to *Merwratt*.
Those elegant, delicate scrimpings from France,
The pride of my columns, were murder'd at once.
Mistakes in Geography, Hist'ry, and men,
Made a *nation* of PARIS,—an *island* of SPAIN.

On TUESDAY the market, at CARTMEL, begun
Exactly at *twelve*, and concluded at *noon*.

Round the fire, towards ev'ning, some farmers were set,
To read the *advertisements* in the GAZETTE;
Who, looking to see if the markets were risen,
Discover'd, at KENDAL, eggs, sixpence a dozen.

The other three days, being thrown, useless, aside,
I seldom was look'd in, except for the tide.
I was seiz'd by the Landlord, on Saturday morning,
To wrap up tobacco, for customers' burning.
At night, to light pipes, being wretchedly torn,
I just heard them exult, that my BROTHER was born!

AN ODE TO FALSEHOOD.

~~~~~  
"Lie not :---but let thy heart be true to God,---  
Thy mouth to it,---thy actions to them both."

HERBERT.  
~~~~~

HAIL, FALSEHOOD! jaundic'd gossip, hail!

Thy squint-ey'd leer can oft prevail

O'er truth itself, victorious!

Thy empire's large and unconfin'd,

And, o'er the hearts of half mankind,

Thy lying flag waves, glorious.

In childhood's purest, simplest walks,
The truant schoolboy oft invokes
Thy aid, his faults to cover.
Wrapp'd in a tender *billet doux*,
Thy artful smile can *Delia* woo,—
And thus befriend the lover.

The noblest name below the sky,
Touch'd by thy pois'nous breath will die,
And scandal—make a feast on't:—
The reputation of the fair,
Beneath thy frown, will disappear—
Will *fade*—to say the least on't.

Thy pow'r is great, we must confess,
And all must own thy USEFULNESS,
However much we scout thee:
And tho' we say, with pouting scorn,
"We wish that thou hadst ne'er been born,"—
Yet—who can do without thee?

What could we do without thy aid,
In all the *honest tricks of trade*,
Where truth must keep her distance?—
Could many a parson be ordain'd,
Could half our Lawyers be maintain'd,
Without thy kind assistance?

The youth, who strains, for gold, his art,
Yet swears that Cupid fires his heart,
Is in thy trainband listed.—
She who, to hide some former flame,
Would re-assert her *virgin fame*,
Must be by thee assisted.

Shap'd like a mask of modest grace,
Thou shad'st the Yorkshire clothier's face—
Thou'rt really queen of witches.—
In honesty thou veil'st a knave;
Thou mak'st e'en cowards pass for brave;
And giv'st poor Paddy riches.

Wrapp'd in a coat of sober gray—
Squeez'd in a Quaker's *yea* and *nay*—
Unseen, thou'lt oft pass muster.
The dangling beau—the modish belle,
Transmuted by thy magic spell,
To thee, owe half their lustr.

The Bulletin—The Doctor's fee—
Is often dictated by thee—
Thy conscience never scruples.—
In courts and senates thou canst shine;
And Masquerades are wholly thine;
And QUACKS—are all thy Pupils.

That, but for thee, the POET's quill
Could ne'er its arduous task fulfil,
Is pow'rfully attested;
And when a truth too bold appears,
And critics pinch the AUTHOR's ears,
The MUSE screams out—"I jested."

AN ODE TO POVERTY.

(JANUARY 1st; 18--)

~~~~~  
"To mortal men great loads allotted be;  
But of all Packs, no Pack like Poverty!"

HERRICK.  
~~~~~

'T is only fit my muse should send
To thee, (my PATRON and my friend,
My GENIUS good or evil,)
A *new-year's gift*, design'd to show
The obligations, which I owe
To thee, for being so civil.

'Tis true, thy parsimonious cares,
About our family affairs,
Do sometimes spoil my dinner;
And when my coat, (a Kendal blue,)
Thro' age, has nearly lost its hue,
Thou bidd'st me wear it thinner!

This joyous season, just gone by,
Thou bad'st me make no *Christmas-pie* :
'Tis shabby, let me tell thee.
With clouted shoes thou nipp'st my toes,
And starv'st my back for want of clothes,
And wouldst thou pinch my belly?

These eight and twenty years, thou'st been
My *Vade mecum*, and I ween
Thou never wilt desert me.
When I in company appear,
Thy ugly face is always there,
To shame and disconcert me.

Now, *Ass and Pannier-like*, we go
Thro' chequer'd scenes of joy and wo;
But chiefly of the latter:
And, if I would adopt a scheme,
To raise me in the world's esteem,
Thou stopp'st me with thy chatter.

Not I, alone, but millions more,
Acknowledge thy despotic pow'r—
Obey thee and despise thee;
Yet, some philosophers of old,
(Diogenes, for one,) I'm told,
Did almost idolize thee.

In public life how dar'st thou show
Thy face? for surely thou must know,
How little thou'rt respected;
For, if thy partizans are seen
In circles where thou ne'er hast been,
They're scornfully rejected.

Should one of those who now disdain
Thy government, and spurn thy chain,
By chance become thy vassal;
His former friends (for being thy slave)
Will call him scoundrel, fool, and knave;
A scrubby, sneaking rascal.

To me, thy right, I must allow,
Because, to thee, the scribbling crew
Have always paid obedience:—
Yet, old companion, I advise
Thee, not my loyalty to prize—
'Tis only forc'd allegiance.

AN ODE TO MY PIPE.

~~~~~  
"Nature, a mistress, never coy,  
Has wrote on ALL her works---ENJOY."

LANGHORNE.  
~~~~~

WHEN angry fate a thorn has laid
Across my path, thy potent aid
Has stripp'd it of its prickles.
With thee to smoke, and ale to quaff,
I still can raise a louder laugh,
When mirth my bosom tickles.

As o'er the *bridge of life* I go,
Where dark oblivion rolls below,
I view it till I'm dizzy;
Just then, thy circling clouds arise,
And shut the prospect from my eyes,
And on I wander easy.

My muse, sometimes, when ridden *hard*,
Can scarcely find the clinking *word*;
As now she could'nt catch it;—
When I observe her thus inclin'd,
I take a whiff, and then I find,
However cross, she'll match it.

A friend sometimes will take a chair
Beside my hearth, and, smoking there,
The world, its care and trouble,
Are all compell'd to quit our breasts,
While merry tales and sprightly jests,
The transient pleasures double.

But when my Pipe is out, and I
Can hardly raise a fresh supply,
 It really is distressing!—
Again supplied, my joy is such,
My friends are welcome to my pouch,
 To share the smoky blessing.

But now my eyelids whisper, "Bed,"
My muse is tir'd, and thou art fled,
 Thou care-dissolving vapour:—
I'll therefore cease.—For tho' I strove
To write an *ode*, I fear 'twill prove
 A poor *tobacco paper*!

THE DELIGHTS OF THE CHACE.

~~~~~  
“——— Ere triflers half their wish obtain,  
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain ;  
And, e’en while fashion’s brightest arts decoy,  
The heart, distrusting, asks, if this be joy ? ”

GOLDSMITH.

~~~~~

BEING backward to join the “Delights of the Chace,”
Is always consider’d a mark of disgrace ;
While leaving the bosom of love in the morn,
Arous’d by the screams of the brazen-lipp’d horn,
(Thus quitting the sheets for the winter-brown waste,)
Is reckon’d a proof of an elegant taste.
“At the peep of Aurora,” ’tis droll to behold
A troop of gay sportsmen, all shiv’ring with cold ;

Some blowing their fingers, with frost-weeping eyes,
To gather that heat, they affect to despise !
Half laughing, HUMANITY pities their case ;
At a loss to discover the "Joys of the CHACE."

But hunting's a pleasure for Princes, they say—
I'll not contradict them, it probably may ;
Yet, what is there in it, (if truly defin'd,)
To gain, so completely, the hearts of mankind ?
From the hamlets around, half a country side rushes,
With staves in their hands, to belabour the bushes :
Their Captains, on horses, lead on the attack,
The light troops, attending in shape of a pack.
SIMPLICITY (little accusom'd to noise,
Content with her cottage's innocent joys)
Asks, wondering asks of the *Nimrodite* train,
Who sweep, with such eagerness, over the plain,
"If the BEASTS, having fled from their dens in the TOWER,
Are roaming the fields to destroy and devour?"—

“If the WOLVES, which have long been exil’d or asleep,
Are alive, as in Æsop’s time, killing the sheep?”—
When seeing the Parson, the Justice, the ’Squire,
The Judge, and the Sheriff, ride furiously by her,
She thinks ’tis a villain, (humanity’s foe,)
Some murd’rer, attempting to flee from the law;
Some thief, some assassin, some plotter of riot,
Who thus is pursu’d by the vot’ries of quiet.
She bids them, God speed, and she wishes success,
To the friends of security, order, and peace.—
Retiring, she listens the clamours afar;
Till suddenly rous’d by the cry of “a war!”
“Oh! Heavens protect us, we’re utterly lost;
The enemy’s landed,” she cries, “on our coast.”—
On the pinions of terror, Simplicity flies
To seek for a shelter, secure from surprise,


Nay daughter of Virtue, Simplicity stay,
Nor flee, from an ideal foe, in dismay.

What fills thy fair bosom, sweet maid, with alarms,
To the "Sons of the Couples," has soul-soothing charms.
This army of heroes, whose shouts fill the air,
Whose tempest-like bellowings caus'd thy despair,
Are only, my dear, *in pursuit of a HARE!*

DIRECTIONS
FOR MAKING MOORE'S ALMANACKS.

"A kind remembrancer of time to come,
Of fast and festival, expiring terms,
New moon and full."———

HURDIS.

 learned wight, nam'd FRANCIS MOORE,
Well skill'd in Astrologic lore,
Has been permitted to translate
(Sly rogue!) the secret book of fate;
Fortelling yearly those events,
Which ought to fill the public prints;
'Till he has ruin'd half the *news*,
And robb'd the *writers* of their dues.

Therefore, *pro bono publico*,
The gen'rous Muse intends to show
The reader how to make, by this,
AN ALMANACK, as good as his.

Take paper, *quantum sufficit*,
Besmear'd with rhymes, devoid of wit.
Cut up a man, and then dispose
The mutilated limbs, in rows.
A choice of weather too prepare:
As sunny, cloudy, rainy, fair.
If war disturb the Nation's bliss,
Fill up a page or two with this;
Oppose two fierce malignant stars,
To prophesy continu'd wars;
Yet, let some milder planet join
The conclave, with a ray benign;
And then *pretend* you see, by this,
Some consultations held for peace.

Appear to mourn the Nation's crimes,
And breathe a prayer for better times !
Say, matters, now, of serious weight,
Are on the *Anvil of the State*.
Say too, the aspects of the stars,
Portend intrigues of State and wars.
That, *now abouts*, some man in place,
Will die or fall into disgrace.
Say, now as Jupiter inclines,
That Saturn's ill-condition'd trines
With malice will inflame men's minds.
Great news arrive from France and Spain.
The Poor of Taxes too complain.—
And when a BLAZING STAR appears,
Lament its *dire effects* for years!—
To fright old maids, a daub terrific,
By fools yclep'd a NYROGLIPHIC!
A wild *melange* of pigs and frogs,
Swords, soldiers, trumpets, bulls, and dogs;

Then, in some lame-legg'd barb'rous rhymes,
Say, these prognosticate the times.—
A HOROSCOPE should grace the spring,
(A triple square, a senseless thing.)
With Saturn stern, and Venus fair,
And all the host of planets there,
That by some strong, but *occult powers*,
Guide, as they please, this world of ours!

Pursue these rules :—and FOOLS will still
Extol the prescient author's skill,
Who can a treat, like this, prepare 'em—
Well garnish'd off with—VOX STELLARUM!

THE YEAR'S FAREWELL,

(DECEMBER 31st; 18--)

~~~~~  
"Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness!"

SHAKSPEARE.  
~~~~~

I feel that I've finish'd my transient career;
Like the mist on the mountains my moments are fled;
The time of eternal dismission is near;
And, with welcomes, my *brother* succeeds in my stead.

To the fiat of fate I am destin'd to bend,
This night, about twelve, I am sentenc'd to die;
And, perhaps, be forgotten like many a friend,
Expelled the heart when unseen by the eye!

An endless duration my life would appear

To the love-stricken damsel, who secretly sigh'd,
That I kindly would finish her twenty-first year;
For her lover was anxious to seal her his bride.

The PEASANT, who drudges in servitude hard—

The 'PRENTICE, whose suff'rings a 'prentice can tell—

The EPICUREAN, for Christmas prepar'd—

With rapture, exultingly bid me *farewell*.

The TRADESMAN, unable his tradesmen to meet—

The prison-bound FELON, with guilt-haunted soul—

The rosy-fac'd SCHOOLBOY, with skates on his feet—

Wish time to move *tardily* up to his goal.

But vain are their wishes, existence recedes,

Extinction already is sealing my doom;

Yet mortals perhaps may remember my deeds,

And a page in CHRONOLOGY serve for my *tomb*!

'Tis a custom with actors, on quitting the stage,
With thanks and kind wishes to close the address :
Like them, (since retiring, decrepit with age,)
I leave you my wishes—I cannot do less.

May the Banners of Peace o'er the globe be unfurl'd—
May Sov'reigns take equity's chart for their guide—
May trade and prosperity govern the world—
Till my *brothers*, by thousands and thousands, have died!

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.



THE GENEROUS LOVER.

~~~~~  
"Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,  
And men below, and saints above ;  
For love is heav'n, and heav'n is love."

SCOTT.  
~~~~~

"**H**AIL Cynthia ! hail, fair nature's queen ;
Beneath thy wan beams oft I stray ;
Me, lonely wand'ring, thou hast seen,
What time sweet Phil'mel tunes her lay.

"Ye breezes gently breathing here,
From sloping wood or winding stream,
Convey my sighs to EDWIN's ear,
And tell him that I mourn for *him*.

“Remind him—But full well he knows
Where we were often wont to rove;
That stream which there so duly flows,
Flows not more duly than my love.—

“Had I been rich, I might have seem’d
More lovely in his parents’ eyes,
(My features have with beauty beam’d,)
More kind, more young, more fair, more wise.

“But he who heard thy father’s pray’r,
And gave him wealth,—EDWIN, gave me
A heart as pure—a soul as fair,
As that great God could give to thee.

“Alas! to whom do I complain?—
No, EDWIN must not—can’t be mine:—
Yet, I, for thee, my gen’rous swain,
Would break e’en vows to seal me thine.

“He, far away, hears not my sighs :—
Some richer maid with brighter charms—”
“Shall never,” EDWIN hast’ly cries,
“Be lodg’d a moment in these arms.”

Surpris’d, yet pleas’d to find him there,
When seas, she thought, had roll’d between;
She blush’d to think, her swain should hear
The secrets of her soul, unseen.

“And wilt thou love me still,” said she,
“Tho’ friends upbraid and foes revile?—
Think, if distress should torture thee,
Could simple love thy cares beguile?

“No:—let not love thy soul infect;
Go, bend before the golden god:—
Pursue the path, thy friends direct,
A path, which even kings have trod.

“Think’st thou,” said he, “that I, for gold,
Would barter years of solid bliss?—
Shall human hands and hearts be sold?
Was love—was beauty made for this?”

“No:—from this moment hear me swear,
Tho’ friends and foes against me join,
None, none but thee my heart shall share;
Thou, and thou, only, shalt be mine.

“Life’s a wild waste, where thorns abound
To tear the way-worn trav’ller’s feet;
But love’s pure balsam heals the wound;
And pain makes pleasure doubly sweet.

“Then love, alone, as heav’n design’d,
Shall guide my choice—shall warm my breast:
A union this, of soul and mind,
Heav’n must and will pronounce it blest!”

THE WISH.

~~~~~  
"Should fortune capriciously cease to be coy,  
And in torrents of plenty descend,  
I, doubtless, like others, should clasp her with joy,  
And my wants and my wishes extend."

WHITEHEAD.

~~~~~

WOULD heav'n, propitious to my pray'r,
An ear indulgent lend,
Remote from trouble, toil, and care,
My fleeting life I'd spend,

A little hut, one story high,
Should cover all my store;
A pebbly brook should murmur by
My humble cottage door.

Some ancient oaks should shade the ground,
From vulgar eyes obscur'd,
Where herbs profusely spring around :—
My physic, soon procur'd.

A little garden, to amuse
The *tædium* of my lot,
Where plants, for pleasure or for use,
Should circle round my cot.

A lovely wife and children dear,
Should bless this sweet abode;
With just two hundred pounds a year,
To smooth life's thorny road.

My children's tender minds to form,
My ev'nings should employ;
With care to watch each budding germ,
That blooms in future joy.

A constant friend, by books refin'd,
Should share my rural walk;
Or sit, in converse sweet, reclin'd
Beneath some shady oak.

A plain, but healthy board should be
My loving partner's care;
Where decent hospitality,
The child of want should share.

And when this wasting frame of mine,
Informs me, *I must die*,
My tranquil soul I would resign
To heav'n, without a sigh!

A NIGHT IN SPRING.

~~~~~  
“For now no cloud obscures the starry void ;  
The yellow moonlight sleeps on all the hills.”

BEATTIE.

~~~~~

Sweetly breathes the gentle breezes,
Over groves and landscapes fair ;—
Nature’s warbling music pleases,
Softened by the dewy air.

Now, the western band, decaying ;
Scarcely gilds the mountains’ heads ;
And the pale bright moon, displaying
SELIM’S crest, soft lustre sheds.

Ev'ry grove is hush'd in silence,
By the magic pow'r of sleep;
Save, yon brooks that rush, with vi'lence,
Down the echoing craggy steep.

Slowly steals the solemn hour,
When, as village sages tell,
Ghosts of murder'd men have pow'r
To leave the mansions where they dwell!

To the dusky slumb'ring ocean,
Cynthia seems to glide along,
Nearer, and more near, approaching,
Now, she's going—now, she's gone.

Twelve, the CHURCH CLOCK advertizes,
How each stroke rings round the vale!—
Sweetly bless'd with her he prizes,
Sleeps each tenant of the dale.

Up the clear blue east, encroaching,
Gently creeps the silver day ;
Night, her rival, views approaching,
Flies on sable wings away.

From the dewy grass, uprising,
Soars the lark, to meet the day,
Warbling, car'ling;—advertising,
Man his morning debt to pay.

LINES,
WRITTEN IN A STRAW RECESS AT
FELLFOOT.

"Let me to summer shades retire,
With Meditation and the Muse."

ROBINSON.

WHEN black *ennui* beclouds the breast,
Or gloomy thoughts invade,
Retire, ye fair ones, here, and rest
Secure beneath my shade.

When noon directs a sultry ray,
I'll screen you from its heat ;
Unto my STRAW RECESS you may,
From ev'ning dews, retreat.

When WINDERMERE's transparent plain
Has tir'd the aching eye,
Then wander to my shade again,
Or on my STRAW BENCH lie.—

Here, shall the lover's plighted vow
Lead nymphs to dream of bliss ;
And kind connubial love bestow
The sweet exchanged kiss.

Whatever taints the human mind,
Shall court these shades in vain :—
Here sensibility, intwin'd
With innocence, shall reign !

TO MISS _____

~~~~~  
"Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."

POPE.  
~~~~~

THE love-struck youth, whose smother'd sighs,
In nature's language, speak his pain,
May shun the terror of those eyes,
And to the rocks and hills complain.

The ruthless rake, with lustful eye,
May tell you, angels are less fair;
Or heave an artificial sigh,
And feign the wildness of despair.

Do you believe, the *fop* would care
To warn the thoughtless heart of youth?
Or would the dying *lover* dare
To tell a gentle lady truth?

Have patience, then, my fair, while I,
In friendship's accents, kindly speak;
Nor think me rude, if I pass by
The pale red roses on your cheek.

Think not your beauty will endure ;
How soon may sickness blast your bloom !
If sickness spare, old age is sure
To lead you, wrinkled, to the tomb.

But if your cultur'd mind can please,
With charms like those which meet our eyes,
Its growing brilliance will increase,
When youthful beauty fades and dies.

The cheek, that pleasingly combines
The lily, with the rosy stain,
Around our hearts, resistless, twines,
What seems a *wreath*—what proves a *chain*!

But if these outward charms should veil
A heart, where love nor pity reigns—
That hears, unmov'd, the tender tale—
That feels no pang when want complains;

With what disgust should we survey
That easy shape—that graceful air!
Should we not, loathing, turn away,
And seek a kinder, tho' less fair?

I own, an eye all life—all fire—
A jetty ringlet, waving gay,
May kindle, in our hearts, desire :—
The short-liv'd passion of a day.

But 'tis the soul's superior charms,
That bind the wand'ring heart, secure:—
Yes, virtue ev'ry bosom warms—
Warms with a glow that will endure.

If BEAUTY, then, can charm alone,
And VIRTUE win without its aid,
How well secur'd must be love's throne,
On *two* such firm foundations laid!

THE FAREWELL.

~~~~~  
"From much lov'd friends whene'er I part,  
A pensive sadness fills my heart ;  
Past scenes my fancy wanders o'er,  
And sighs to think, they are no more !"

HORNE.

~~~~~

AND am I, then, to leave my home,
And doom'd, thro' ills unknown, to roam,
And, till we meet beyond the tomb,
Bid dearest friends farewell ?

My humble cottage, snug and neat,
Which screen'd me from both cold and heat !
And must I bid this dear retreat,
Eternally farewell ?

The machinations of one man,
Who still pursues his darling plan,
Has made me, since he first began,
Bid happiness farewell.

A man, not bound by any ties,
That bind the just, the good, the wise,
With int'rest blinding both his eyes,
Has bid remorse farewell.

Tho' round him sweeps his large domain,
(Enclosures, rich with waving grain,)
Misfortune may, with grief and pain,
Make him bid it farewell.

THE MOON.

~~~~~  
"O'er heav'n's blue arch yon rolling orbs appear,  
And rouse to solemn thought th' aspiring soul."

OGILVIE.  
~~~~~

THY changing form, fair orb, I greet,
Acknowledg'd sister to the sun;
Thou show'st the weary wand'rer's feet,
The dreaded precipice to shun.

By thy Creator meant to guide
The darkling trav'ler's dubious way,
Thou shedd'st thy glimm'ring glories wide,
And rul'st the globe with nightly sway.

I view thee, splendid queen of night,
Thy ever varying phases see ;—
I love that melancholy light,
Thou shedd'st on all the world and me.

The hidden cause which makes thee move—
The source whence all thy beauties flow—
Existing theories cannot prove :
They're secrets which I long to know.

*How the attractive pow'r is given,
Which makes such mighty orbs revolve ?
How light is thro' the ether driven ?
Are questions, mortals can't resolve,*

Then venerate the matchless skill,
Which SOV'REIGN GOODNESS here has shewn ;—
And, bending humbly to HIS will,
Learn nobly to controll our own !

CHARITY:

ADDRESSED TO THE BENEVOLENT GENTRY OF
CARTMEL*

~~~~~  
"Oh! let me own the heart that pants to bless;  
That nobly scorns to hide the useless store;  
That looks around for objects of distress,  
And triumphs in a sorrow for the poor!"

WOLCOT.

~~~~~

COULD I, in words, my thoughts portray,
(Thoughts, which my theme may well inspire,)
Could I transfuse into my lay,
A portion of the muses' fire;

* These lines owe their origin to that truly Christian practice of distributing among the poor, at CHRISTMAS, a quantity of beef, mutton, and other things necessary to render that season, a season of joy and gladness.---THOSE LADIES and GENTLEMEN who are noticed here, have long been remarkable for this, and other charitable actions.---Probably many others, whose private life is less known to the Muse, are equally deserving of a tributary line.

Then should your names, ye gen'rous few,
In glowing colours brightly shine ;
My numbers, to my subject true,
Should beam with beauties all divine.——

To BIRCH, as chief in lib'ral deeds,
I first devote my humble strain :
His ready bounty ever feeds
Who ask—for no one asks in vain !

Within HIS bosom dwells a heart,
That moves—that melts in pity's cause ;
HE acts an independent part,
Regardless of the world's applause.——

The grateful thought delights to dwell
On MACHELL's name—a name how dear !
His bounty breaks the adverse spell,
That urges oft the orphan's tear.

The Rev'rend RICHARDSON, whose hands
Delight in secret to relieve,
A tribute from the Muse demands,
Of richer tinge than I can give.

If scatt'ring comfort o'er the breast
Of those whom want or pain dismays,
Be charity, fair pity's guest,
Then CHARNOCK claims the warmest praise.

And SUNDERLAND and ROPER's names
Will still excite the grateful pray'r ;
They kindly own the poor man's claims,
And make the indigent their care.

The Rev'rend KNIFE, tho' last, not *least*,
The Friend—the Patron of the poor ;
He freely spreads the *heav'nly* feast,
Nor, grudging, gives his *earthly* store.

And numbers more, there are, whose deeds,
Perhaps, the Muse has never heard;
Yet, rest assur'd that he, who feeds
The poor, shall meet a rich reward.

There's nothing lost that you have giv'n;
'Tis seen above, and treasur'd there:—
And, in the register of heav'n,
Your gen'rous names are copied fair!

Yes, CHARITY's the brightest gem,
That sparkles in a Seraph's crown;
It raises mortals up to him,
Who show'rs his good profusely down!

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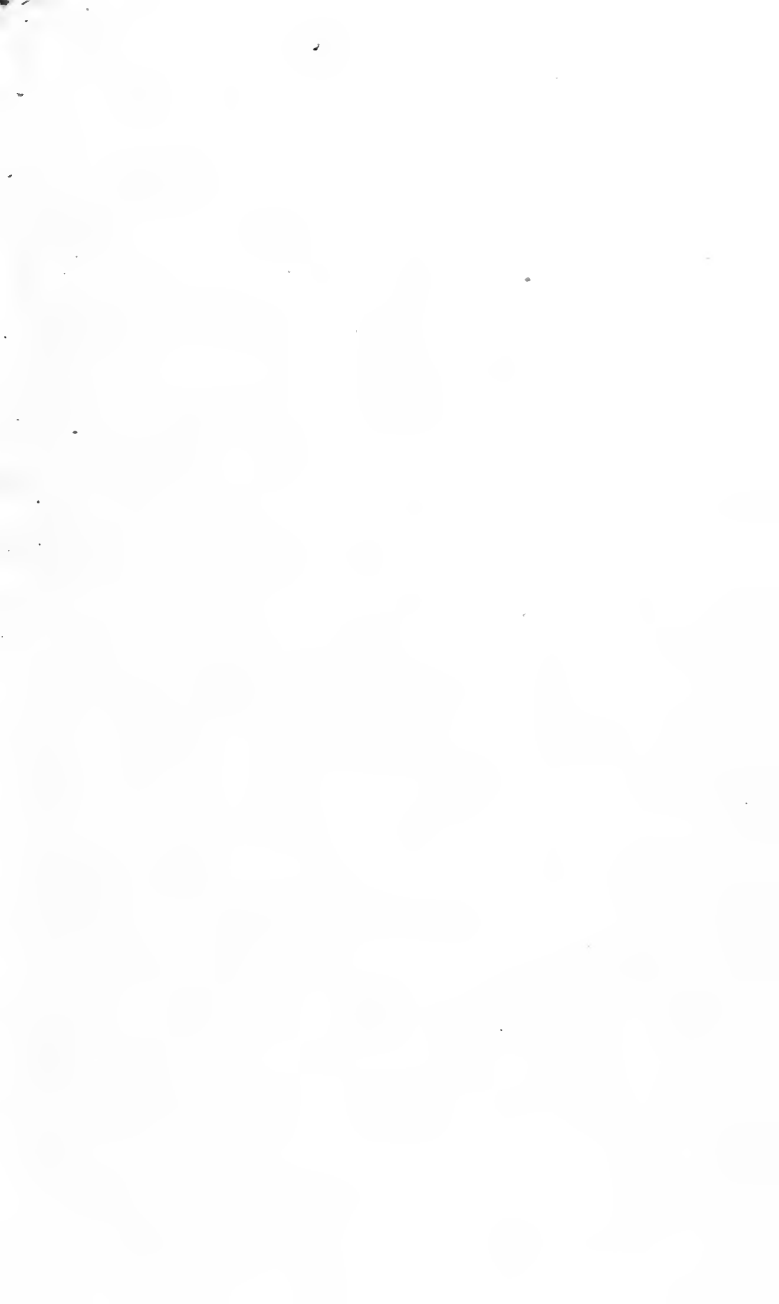
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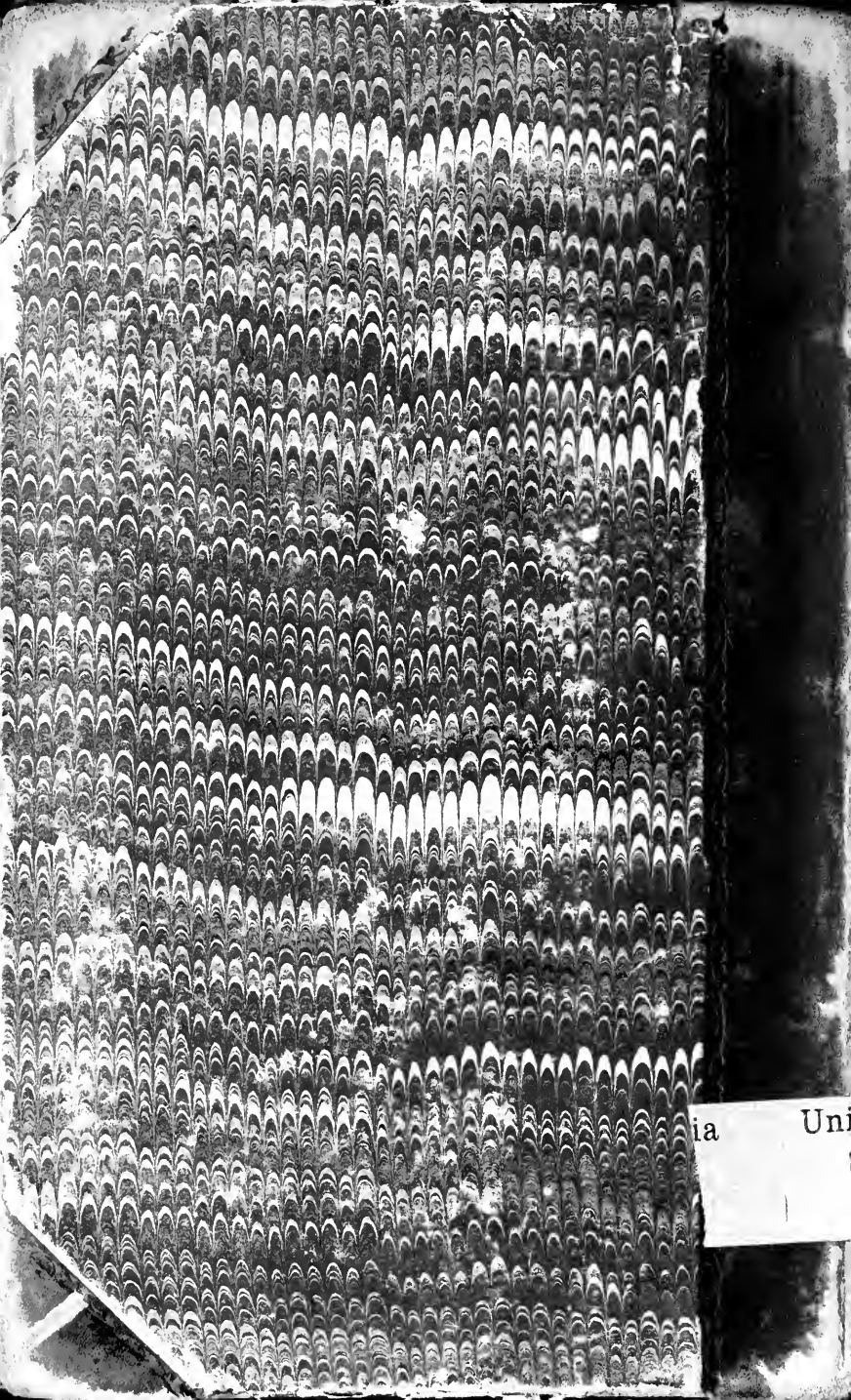
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